

## Lyrics to Songs on *The Pilgrim*, by Kathy Greenholdt

### **WAITING**

Cornflowers, blue in the late August hours—  
those weren't your eyes.  
Those weren't your eyes.  
Trees of October drop leaves from their boughs.  
In shades of brown,  
they dance their way down.  
And, I've been waiting  
to see your eyes again.  
Now, I am gazing  
into you  
through them.  
Small sparrows chirp as they peck at the ground.  
That's not your sound.  
It's not your sound.  
Church bells ring out to the edges of town—  
the loudest joys.  
The biggest voice.  
And, I've been waiting  
to hear you laugh again.  
And, I am listening  
harder now  
than then.  
Young girls are foolish and pine after love,  
but there's never enough.  
If I could travel through time and on air,  
then you'd know I'm  
there.  
And, I've been waiting  
to touch your face again.  
So, I am sending  
kisses on the wind.

## NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE

I'd fallen back down.  
So, you picked me up,  
then dusted me off  
and said you were proud.  
But, who can save me  
now that you're gone?  
You knew I was weak  
and thought you were strong.  
But, I didn't see your torch  
couldn't burn long.  
So, who can save me  
now that you're gone?  
Now you're gone, and  
gone is part of my soul.  
And, I'm so small I  
don't know how I'll fill that hole.  
But, there has got to be  
a way to take back control  
and stand alone.  
I'm fallin' again  
and thinkin' of when  
you were the only one  
I called a friend.  
But, who can save me  
now that you're gone?  
Yes, who can save me  
now that you're gone?

## BLUE GIRL

I'm gonna wear a blue dress,  
the color of my soul.  
But, I'll step out in red shoes,  
so everyone will know  
that I intend to dance with  
every boy in town.  
I may be a blue girl,  
but that ain't draggin' me down.  
I drank a shot of Maker's,  
so don't offer me wine,  
'cuz I want to remember  
how I am feelin' fine,  
just laughin' at the dark night  
and twirlin' 'round and 'round.  
Yeah, I may be a blue girl,  
but that ain't draggin' me down.  
It's been a long time comin',  
like a part of me was dead.  
There is more to life than livin'  
just inside your head.  
So, let the band keep playin'  
'til they kick me out.  
Then, when I'm in the silence,  
I'll hear things good and loud.  
'Cuz I may be a blue girl,  
but that ain't draggin' me down.

## FROM MY WINDOW

From my window,  
I can see a bird fly  
to the mountain  
and disappear in clear sky.  
And, I go there, too,  
lifting up into the blue.  
Hear the children  
laughing as the bells ring.  
Down below me,  
they don't know my heart sings.  
I sing for them.  
I laugh again with them.  
Inside this little room  
is a world that's spinning, too.  
From the sidewalk,  
you will never see me.  
But, I know you  
and maybe what you're thinking.  
So, I pray for you.  
And, I'm wishing, too,  
you would look up here and see.  
Inside this little room  
is a world that's spinning, too.

## DIG OUT

Snow falls hard on Heaven's ground.  
My mouth opens. There's no sound.  
Angels come to my defense,  
singin' like they've got no sense.  
So, maybe it's time to dig out  
and chip away the ice 'round my heart.  
If Hell's a burning hole,  
then why am I so cold?  
Maybe it's time to dig out.  
I've been trying to break free  
of the Devil's grip on me.  
But, my sins are hard to know  
when I feel numb to the bone.  
Yeah, maybe it's time to dig out  
and chip away the ice 'round my heart.  
If Hell's a burning hole,  
then why am I so cold?  
I keep on prayin' for a candle—  
a warming light to help me see.  
But, how to make it through the winter  
is up to me.  
So, maybe it's time to dig out  
and chip away the ice 'round my heart.  
If Hell's a burning hole,  
then why am I so cold?  
Maybe it's time to dig out.  
Oh, yeah, maybe it's time to dig out.

## DESIRE: THE ECSTASY OF SAINT TERESA OF ÁVILA

Low embers burn  
through your disguise.  
I can't stop looking in your eyes.  
Lord, I won't blink  
until a spark  
leaps from your heat into my heart.  
'Cuz I am a child who plays with fire.  
And, there's just no hiding my desire.  
I came to you  
pious and true.  
Now, you're the Beast who wants me, too.  
Who holds the torch  
deep down in me?  
Love, light the flame of ecstasy.  
'Cuz I am a child who plays with fire.  
And, there's just no hiding my desire.  
Some say that tears  
wash clean a soul.  
But, heaven's a blaze I can't control.  
'Cuz I am a child who plays with fire.  
And, there's just no hiding my desire.  
Yes, I am a child who plays with fire.  
And, there's just no hiding my desire.

## IN THIS GARDEN

Two roses bloom with the goldenrod,  
one final show before they nod  
off to sleep, so deep.  
I've been wondering why you said,  
"After we go, there's nothing left  
but your make-believe."  
So, come, rest in this garden.  
It sure looks real to me.  
I know it will die every autumn  
to wake in spring.  
Two roses bloom with the goldenrod,  
one final show before they nod  
off to sleep, so deep.